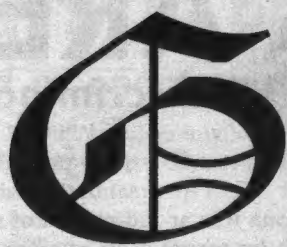




Please fuck this newspaper



The Perversity of Alberta

GETAWAY



Volume 77, Issue 7

Ontario 7, 1997

The Official Students' Toilet Paper since 1910

<http://www.suckme.Ul.ca/getaway>

HAPPY POP GIVEN DRINK MONOPOLY

Drink up, Be happy — you have no choice

by Lusty Puddlebunny

The battle royale for control of pop sales on campus has been won; and the winner came out of nowhere.

Effective Jan. 1, 1998, an exclusive beverage contract will be signed with Happy Pop International. The contract, a comprehensive agreement guaranteeing Happy Pop the right to be the sole retailer of beverages on campus for a period of 34.6 years, came after the CEO of Happy Pop paid a personal visit to University of Alberta President Rod Roddy Framer. Said Framer of the meeting, "I'm totally pumped. I just loved that happy little guy ... plus he said that I could have a direct line of my favorite, yummy cherry cola piped into my office. Yay!"

Stupids' Union President Steamin' Comeon felt exactly the same way. "Happy Happy Joy Joy. Happy Happy Joy" were the only discernible words he spoke as he tangoed around his office with suv stupid life Archie Andrews.

The direct benefit to the University from the signing of the contract is two fold. Initially, Happy Pop has agreed to blow up the Civil Engineering building; and secondly, will implement a process whereby students will be able to ingest pop intravenously via catheters implanted in their arms. Student will then be capable of simply plugging the catheter into the flavour spigot of their choice at various Happy Pop stations around campus.

"One of the major selling points," said SU general manager Dill Pickle, "was the logo. I mean, sure Pepsi has Cindy Crawford, and

Coke even has that big old Polar Bear, but Happy Pop, they have that big yellow happy face. And that just makes me happy."

Other similar contracts will be signed in the first months of 1998.

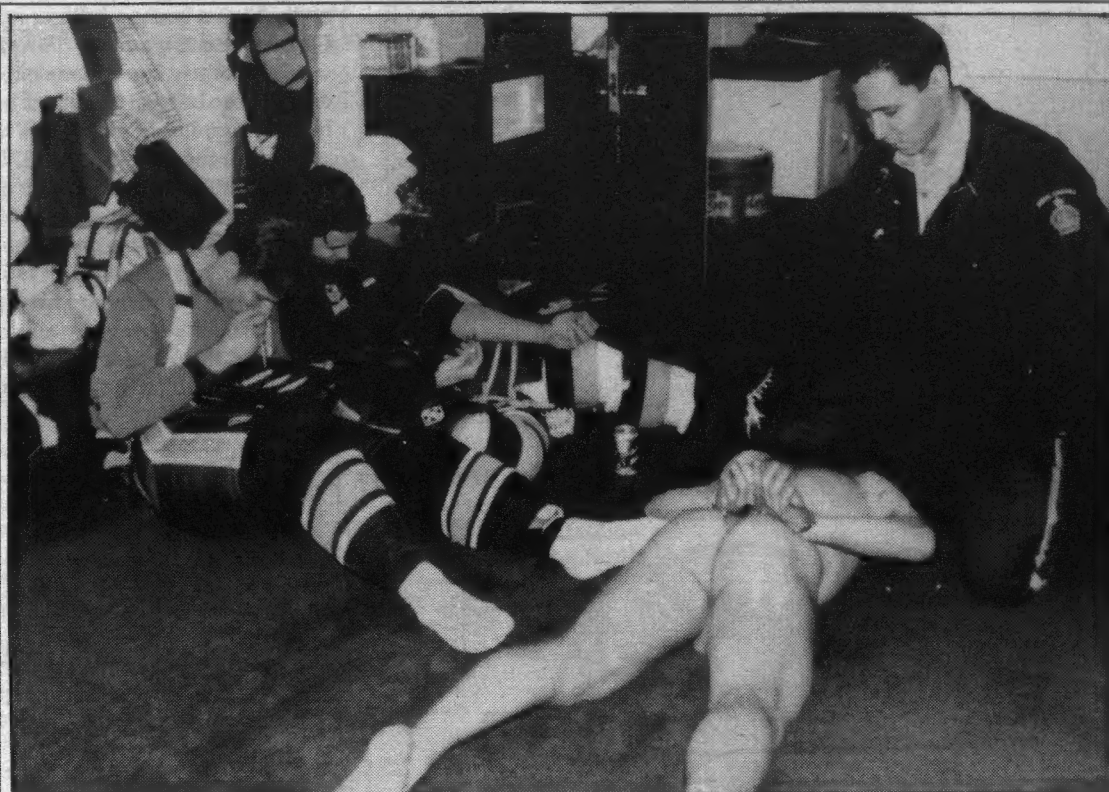
K-Swiss has nudged Adidas out as the official supplier to the Department of Athletics. As soon as the contract is signed, all members of both the Golden Bares and Pandies teams will be sporting the traditional vinyl track suits, along with K-Swiss' patented "Velcro closure" shoe that has been updated to include little flashing lights on the back of each shoe.

The Walt Disney Corporation made a successful bid for control of the VIDS system in the Students' Union Building that will come into effect in the beginning of February. From that time on, there will be no more ads promoting SU Services, but a 24 hour running of every Disney program ever created. Mickey Mouse was quoted as saying, "I'm psyched to the tits! Wait a minute. I don't have any of those. Hey ... Gepetto!"

Students with complaints pertaining to book prices on campus can bitch no more. WAL-MART has gained control of book sales across campus. The corporation will have the University Bookstore logo completely phased out by mid-1998, and will replace it with the traditional WAL-MART happy face.

Conveniently, the logo will coalesce with that of Happy Pop. When asked his perspective on this take over, bookstore manager Jimbob Pancake responded "no talking."

Happy fun for all!!!



Busted! Bares hockey players get busted by Campus 5-0 for taking all sorts of happy drugs. Just another example of a meddling bureaucracy putting a stop to a little innocent fun.

DOWN WITH DEGREES! University to become a community college in January; bus driver non-plussed by whole issue

by Space Filler

Get ready to exchange those degrees for diplomas — as of Jan. 1, the University of Alberta is becoming a community college.

"Uhhh ... yeah. I am cool," said SU president Steamin' Comeon when asked for a

"Nnnngggghhh!! Oh, God! That's the last time I eat spicy chickens."

— Some large-breasted undergrad

comment as he picked his nose.

However, inside sources say U of A president Rock Spacer lost the university in a poker game with GMCC president Harry Palms. Premier Half Pint, Prime Minister Jeandice Cretin and agents Mulder and Scully were also present at the poker game.

"I was holding a royal flush!" said Spacer.

Effective in January, degrees will be replaced by diplomas in practical, job-related fields, including janitorial services, car washing, and some course where

you learn to the proper way of saying "You want fries with that?" in several languages, including German, Japanese and Klingon.

"I was holding a royal flush!" said Spacer again.

Student reaction to the change was mixed.

"Oh. What's the difference?" said first year arts student Albert Einstein II.

"Fuck off! Put that thing away! Do up your pants and leave me the fuck alone!" said some large-breasted undergrad. She didn't even give me her phone number.

U of L president Ben Dover was more than a little concerned at the change in the U of A's status. "Holy shit!" he said. "I better stop having sex with sheep, or someone could blackmail the University right out from under me. But don't print that."

U of C president Jimi Hendrix was pleased, however. "Yeah, man, it's like ... wow. Cool. Dig the way the colours drip off the flag, man? Groovy," he said as he passed me a joint. He was too fucked up to comment further.

"I was holding a royal flush!" Spacer said yet again to no one in

particular.

Steve the bus driver was not buggerific with the issue. "Yeah, so? Get that frigging tape recorder out of my face. I got nothin' to say to you. Pay your buck-sixty or get off the bus."

"She canna take much morrrre of this, Captain!"

— Scotty

Then Dan the newsie walked in wearing women's clothing. But don't tell his mom that.

"Royal flush!" Spacer cried out again to no one in particular. No one was listening anyway.

Before the change over, however, a massive blow out, to celebrate the the University's history, is planned for the student body. Especially that girl in my Biochem class. She's got a nice student body. Mmmm ... huh? Oh, yeah, the story.

Uhhh ... Premier Half Pint had little to say. In fact, he didn't even return calls from the Getaway. But then again, I forgot to call him. Sorry about that.



This is the new Happy Pop Academic Building. Actually, it's the old Central Academic Building.

Spaghetti and meatballs: There's something weird about all the action that's happening with the pasta on campus. Get into it, kids..... **Nudes, pages 7**

Odernlay Odelladie: That cat's goin' keys on me, says Neal Ozano, king of the cool cats. Buy my album. I know three chords now..... **No'pinion, page 7**

Stinking stuff: Seduced LRT drivers do some laundry in a bucket in the swimming pool. I saw three different people defecate in the bush!..... **Entertainment, page 7**

Bears boring: Again? Don't they ever do anything? I should give the Pandas bikinis...oops. I've said too much..... **Spurts, page 7**

Swear for the Day:

Yabba-fuckin' dabba-damn-doo!

—Fred Flintstone

Betcha didn't see that episode, smartass.



Banana busted for being bad. believe it.

Chrispy Schit

FRUITS ARE NUTS

Bananas assault girls indiscriminantly to ... uhh ...

by Chrispy Schit and El Woody

It was inevitable. Bad bananas have finally infiltrated our humble U of A campus.

A character known only as Mr. Banana was arrested on campus yesterday, December 2, for sexual harassment and is now awaiting trial.

"We arrested Mr. Banana at 4:15 in the afternoon in SUB. We finally tracked him down in the men's bathroom on the West side of SUB. He was excreting some sort of banana juice, and if I may say so, I will never have a banana Julius again," said Celly Bet of Campus Security.

Apparently, Mr. Banana has attacked several students in the last few days and has left these students blubbing piles of mush. It is really quite tragic.

One of the victims, Moll S. Ted said of his attack, "I was in the boys locker room and I was drying myself off after my swim. I was bent over drying my feet when suddenly ... oh ... I thought it was my gymnastics prof again, but when I turned around, I saw a bearded banana rushing away." Ted also mentioned that he hasn't been able to sit down since.

While there were a number of female victims, only one was willing to speak with the Getaway due to the extent of their trauma.

Whim P. Gerl said, "I was just sitting on one of those poofy benches in SUB eating a peanut butter sandwich when, all of a sudden, this hairy banana came out of nowhere and jumped right in my lap. It was so gross and I was so scared. I think that I will be traumatized for the rest of my life."

Gerl continued by saying, "I ran home and jumped in a hot, hot shower and sat in the fetal position rocking back and forth and back and forth. I don't know if I'll ever feel clean again. In fact, my boyfriend says that now I smell like banana. Ewww."

As a result, the University Senate has decided to prohibit the possession of bananas on campus, in any form including banana bread, banana milkshakes, and especially banana splits.

Celly Bet also said, "We would like to remind students that if they see a banana peel on the ground that they should not pick it up as some banana juice might still be inside. If students see any bananas or banana peels on campus they should call campus security immediately."

Students are also advised to watch out for any suspicious looking bulges in the pants of fellow students and to report any suspicious banana activity immediately.

HAIL TO THE MOOSE

SPACE MOOSE BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE SU

by Great Pain

He may be a sexist, sodomite and sleaze-bag, but you'd better get used to calling Space Moose "Mr. President."

The change in command came after a Campus Security task force stormed a secret meeting of the Stupids' Union executive last night as a part of a two-month sting operation. The SU executive was charged with embezzlement of SU funds for a private yacht, which was going to be sailed from one end of the University pool to the other. They were also sacrificing large farm animals to Beelzebub, but no charges are pending in that matter.

However, the entire executive was forced to resign this morning. Following clause 253-7 of the SU Constitution, the position of president must be filled immediately in the absence of an executive, chosen from among the runners up in the last election.

The first runner up for the

presidency last year respectfully declined the position, saying he didn't want to associate himself with Alberta's newest community college. However, second runner up for the presidency, Space Moose, accepted the position and was installed as president of the Stupids' Union as of 1100 h Dec. 4, 1997.

"Horny."

— Space Moose's feelings on becoming SU president

"Horny," was how Moose described his feelings on the situation. "There will be so many changes, heads will spin," he said.

His new book "Triumph of the Whim" will now be mandatory reading for all courses.

Also on the agenda will be the disbanding of certain organizations on campus as a part of a budget cutting platform. "Say good-bye to Campus Security, the Political Science department, and the Human

Rights Office for starters. St. Joseph's College will be converted into a brothel," Moose said.

In regards to the new committee that was just recently formed by the SU (which banned the sale of his book in SUB), the president plans to take care of the situation.

"I'm definitely going to hunt down this mysterious committee [and] after making them beg for a quick death, I plan to wipe my ass with all SU policies that put arbitrary power in the hands of our unaccountable, dipped-in-shit employees."

President Moose has also chosen Bald Dwarf as his aide to the new position, saying that he is the ideal aide with his "temperate nature and chirpy little booty hole."

Steve the bus driver was visibly upset by the turn of events. "Look, turn off the tape recorder and get the fuck off my bus! I don't want to see you here again!"

POWER TO THE PORN!

XXX movie night to pay down \$60,000 SU deficit

by Handy Pussy

The Stupids' Union is resorting to controversial new tactics to help quell its monstrous \$60,000 deficit.

The new policy is a direct result of Space Moose assuming the mantle of SU president after his successful coup attempt, according to Dick Hurtz spokesman for the department of Shitty Movies.

The Stupids' Union has successfully got sponsorship from two leading companies in the sex industry. The first is the beer company Bigcock, who will be distributing beer for a small fee at the event.

The other company is the I Can't Believe Those Aren't Implants bra company. The company will be giving away free bras to anybody, male or female, who requests them.

Other alcoholic beverages will be sold, according to our beloved President's spokesperson Billy the Bionic Badger. Students are encouraged to get loaded and watch some good porn. "Come and enjoy some good porn, good liquor and some

good folks," said Badger.

Because this is a fundraiser for the beleaguered SU students will have to pay money to enter the theatre. The cost is going to be \$5. "That is a good deal for some good porn," said an obviously excited Hurtz as

"He really doesn't give a shit."

— Billy the Bionic Badger, relaying Space Moose's reaction to the SU porn controversy

he rubbed himself. "This is going to be a fun night. Hopefully I will be able to pick up a hot chick. I like hot chicks," he said.

When asked what the new President thought of complaints received by the SU over the porn plan, Badger said "He really doesn't give a shit."

There are also no plans to share the money with needy charities. Said Badger: "Fuck that — we need

the money."

This week's two movies will be "LesBion," an exciting movie about a bionic lesbian who conquered the world. It was directed by Nads Laysome. The other movie on this fun-filled night will be "SU fantasies," a movie about the former Stupids' Union executives' sexual fantasies starring some well-known campus personalities and a bunch of sheep.

Stupids' Union President Space Moose would like to invite all students out.

"Pay your \$5, pick up some Bigcock beer, put on a free bra, sit back and really enjoy the movies that we have this week. Who knows? Maybe you will score during or after the show."

Asked if the SU would object if people started having hard-core sex in the theatre Space Moose said, "I think that everyone else will be watching the movie. Besides, I've made my career out of situations like this."

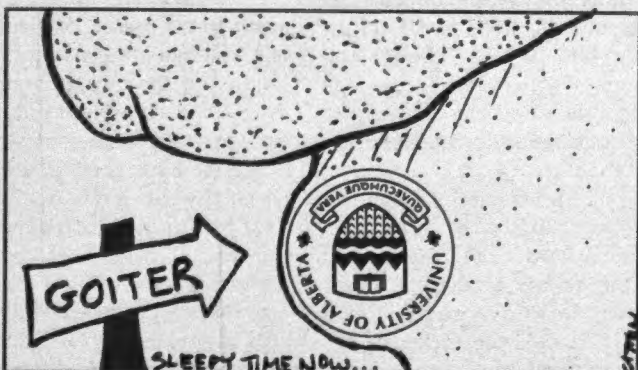
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LAPTOPS OUT, LAPDANCING IN

New program hoped to end sexual frustration of geers

by Nads Laysome

In a radical new proposition, the faculty of Enjuneerin' has tabled an idea that may allow geers to perform in bed.

By making lapdancing mandatory, the faculty hopes enjuneerin'students will become used to the sight and feel of nude women. Currently, all engineers are unable to sustain erections when presented with naked women due to the unfamiliar and daunting sight.

"It's a sad fact, but the current generation of geers will graduate completely sexually inept," said Jimmy Notton, dean of students.

While it is too late to help the present batch, the faculty feels that by inoculating students with regular doses of debauchery, they may cease being scared unstuff by females. The proposed solution to

the shock problem involves exposing geers first to soft-core porn, and then progressing up to full, fleshy female nekkidity.

There are concerns as to how engineers will react when exposed to real women, however. "Women? Is that some kind of new upgrade for my calculator?" queried Jacques Ofancumming, an enjuneerin' student.

"Jacques Ofancumming is stupid," noted Stuffyer Weinerinher, editor of the engineering students' newspaper, *The Splige*.

A quick-thinking arts student, Goa Tsex, inquired as to how female engineers will be dealt with.

"It is a known fact that all female engineers are lesbians," said Ofancumming. "That's why guys never get laid."

"Jacques Ofancumming can suck me off," countered

Weinerinher.

But should an engineer actually manage to muster up an erection, tightie whities may need to be abandoned to accommodate the bulging manhood.

"The current underwear situation will be unacceptable," said I.M. Lymp, dean of Enjuneerin'. "Of course, I am only theorizing here, never having received AK-SHUN myself, but our little boys may be subjected to undue financial stress in having to replace their holey and tattered briefs."

The Alberta government has been approached with the idea of funding the transition to boxers. Clit Dumbfart, minister of ejucashun, calculates that such an expenditure would total about \$69,000 annually. "But since geers will have to wash their underwear now, the boxers may not last long."



Queen LaTifa

Spontaneous orgasm investigated

Student causing a sensation across Perversity of Alberta campus

by Space Filler

A first-year University of Alberta student is causing a sensation across campus over an alleged ability to induce orgasms in women with nothing more than a glance.

Dubbed spontaneous orgasm, the first recorded incidence occurred when a female prof was giving a lecture to a political science class last week.

"As President, Bill Clinton has the power to ... uhhh, OOH!! DO IT TO ME AGAIN!! Sweet Jesus, yes! OH ... YES! YES!!!" she told a wide-eyed group of undergrads.

Word soon came around to the psychology department, where the student's unique ability is stimulating debate, among other things.

Dr. Diane Todoya-Moore said initial tests are inconclusive. "So far we haven't been able to determine what causes spontaneous orgasm. More tests will be needed, starting

tonight. And every night. For years and years to come. I could be on this case for a long, long time," she said with a dreamy look in her eyes as she lit a cigarette.

Another professor, however, had aims less lofty than science to explain his part in the research.

"This guy was better than my Pelvic Pulverizer, and that takes six batteries! But don't print that."

—Dance student Amy Zon

Speaking on condition of anonymity, Dr. Phil McRackin said: "Ah wanna figg're out how he duz it, then larn it fer m'self. Then ah'm gonna go git sum," McRackin said as he scratched himself.

The *Getaway* has also learned the student been using his ability outside of the laboratory. Amy Zon, a large-breasted dance

student, recalls how she experienced her first spontaneous orgasm at Dewy's one night.

"Out of the corner of my eye, I saw someone was looking at me. I turned to see who it was, and this guy winked at me. My hips started twitching, then I got a tingling sensation in my lower abdomen. Next thing I know, I'm flat on my back with my ankles around my ears, moaning like a banshee. This guy was better than my Pelvic Pulverizer, and that takes six batteries! But don't print that."

Men seem immune to the student's unique ability, however. During an interview, the student was asked to try his powers on a male volunteer. Unfortunately, I just peed my pants.

For his part, the student said he just wants to get on with his studies and be left alone.

"It doesn't work over the phone, girls, so quit calling me," he said.

Dig it! And your parents thought you were studying last night ...

University of Alberta Students' Union EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES



PART-TIME ACCESS FUND ADMINISTRATOR

The Access Fund is a Students' Union financial need bursary program made up of student contributions. The Access Fund Administrators answer inquiries, pre-screen applicants, produce application forms, interview applicants, verify information, and advertise the program. Effective communication and excellent organizational skills are required. Knowledge of financial issues concerning university students and of bursary programs, familiarity with Macintosh programs, including database design and maintenance using FileMaker Pro, are assets. Students must be able to work 20 hours/week (including some evening meetings) and be bondable. Please apply with resume to: Garth Bishop, VP Operations and Finance, Room 2-900 SUB, U of A, Edmonton, AB, T6G 2J7 by December 8, 1997. Start date: Jan 5, 1998, subject to Students' Council approval.

We thank all applicants for their interest, however, only shortlisted applicants will be contacted

BAD CANADA DEAD!

USA PLANS TO TEACH US A LESSON BY KILLING US

by Joel Currie

On July 1, Canada Day, 1997 the USA invaded Canada. Their message: "We are Americans. You will be assimilated. Resistance is futile."

The first invasion involved a few dozen soldiers and a couple of Buzz Lightyear dolls. Normally they would have attacked all of the major cities, but since they figured there weren't any major cities in Canada, they just chose towns at random. To their surprise, Canadians had adapted to the freezing weather and the small towns they expected had grown into large cities. They were also surprised to find the strange development of Canadian football rules, a bizarre dialect, coloured money, and dollars that are only worth 70 cents.

"Houston, we have a problem," they called back to their commanders.

Prime Minister Cretin, remembering a self help book he saw on the Oprah Winfrey show, ordered that the book "Americans are from Mars; Canadians are from Venus" be consulted. Under the chapter titled "Mars Attacks!",

they learned that Americans have an insatiable desire to make everyone live in suburbs, watch baseball, eat hot dogs and drink their crappy beer.

Forced to retaliate, the PM ordered the activation of the "Men In Black," an elite group of agents, lead by Aleckz Tribech, already deployed into the American entertainment industry. Jim Carrey,

"This quote isn't even in the story. Oh, God! Let's fuck! Who reads these things anyway?"

—Jizz Gobbler

Frisky Feelsem, Fartin Schlort, Spam Hemroid and many others started making stupid movies. They would hit the Americans where it hurts, right in the funny bone. Unfortunately the Americans didn't have discriminating tastes, and so their mission was impossible.

Meanwhile, the queen of the American collective, Hillary, asked

her magic mirror, "Mirror Mirror on the wall, what is the best country of them all?" she asked. "Well, you still don't have universal health care," it answered.

Bill the king, although holding the official title "leader of the free world," was merely a figure head. Bill frequently ranted and raved, "Man! I didn't inhale! ... Get me a cheeseburger!"

Bill planned to save the day by sneaking into Canada as some sort of ninja, but Hillary forced him to get a grip on reality.

Under her directions, Bill ordered a new invasion using their secret weapon, the "Starshit Scoopers," a highly trained corps of pansy pretty boys.

Bill delivered an excellent impromptu speech which can only remind you of the one in Henry V. "July fourth will no longer be only an American holiday, but once we take over Canada, it will be theirs too."

But it all ended well when Canada simply removed itself from the map and the Americans were unable to find it. Steve the bus driver declined to comment.

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Idiotorial

You don't deserve us

I'm supposed to use this space to make intelligent comments about a major issue. But since I haven't read a real newspaper since I started working here, I'm going to whine about my job.

We really have it hard here. No one's noticed that we're Edmonton's cutting edge journalists, at least until the free ride here ends and we start writing for SEE to support our addictions.

We work on this paper ALL NIGHT. Largely because we spend more time in RATT than at our computers. And because none of us can meet a deadline to save our lives. But that's beside the point.

All of our problems started because the SU is completely unfair to us. All we want is a working relationship with them—namely, that they give us the money we ask for without demanding a single thing in return. Instead, they keep saying things like "accountable to the community" and "measurable performance standards" and "proactive solutions" and refuse to support us until we pretend to agree with them.

Not that that will ever happen, since my brain shuts off when anyone claims that *The Getaway* sucks. I usually put on a facade of self-righteous indignation and repeat the words "editorial autonomy" and "freedom of the press" until they throw me out of the office. Of course, I really want the freedom to put out an obscenely biased, pseudo-journalistic flyer while liquoured up the wazoo, but that's not a very good bargaining point so I usually keep it to myself. If anyone ever finds out that we don't actually do any work around here, we could get shut down.

Which would definitely be a crime against democracy, because we are the voice of all students—except those raving lunatics who keep telling us we don't represent their needs. That's blatantly false. We try so hard to represent you that we welcome your criticism as warmly as we welcome your death threats.

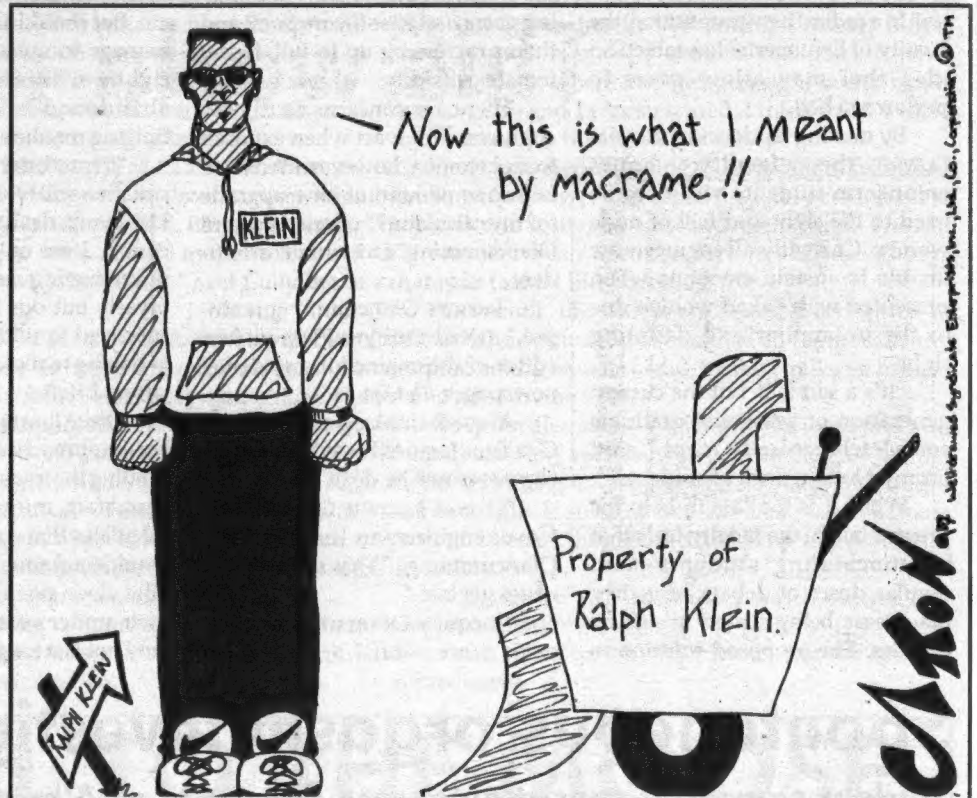
Above all else, we have our pride. We'll loudly tell anyone who's listening that *The Getaway* is financially independent when in fact, the only thing keeping us from looking like *The Bridge* are the SU's bottomless cash reserves because the SU sales department is pathetic. At least, I hope they're bottomless, since I'm certainly not willing to do any extra work to make this paper profitable. My God, if we were to run corrections for all the mistakes we make, they'd take up more space than our regular copy.

I could go on. I could fill this entire page with my navel-gazing drivel because there's no one to stop me. But I have to spend the remainder of this evening thinking of misogynistic slurs that will set the feminist movement back 200 years. Before I do shut my trap, though, let me leave you with just one thought. Even if you think everything we've ever published is unworthy to line the floor of a donkey's stable, you have to admit that our newspaper is good for one thing. No matter how pathetic your life gets, you'll know you've always got it better than *The Getaway* staff.

Snows Woodchuk
Idiot-in-grief

Contributors

Lusty Puddlebunny, Clarence Asskiker, Oludaladele Oduladelelele, Pristine Awesomefuck, Madein Style, Harrie Hander, Lavish Matresson, Dense Fertilizer, Nads Laysome, Joel Currie, Handy Pussy, Chrispy Schit, El Woody, Grind Ing, Joke Hymen, Coleslaw njj hng h g.mh b, Joke Hymen, Juniper Bush, Sammy L Cool, Fuckcock McJizz, LL Meat, Shit Disturber, Space Filler, I don't care, Time to sleep



Letters to the Idiot

Fuck you, you stupid punks

Listen up losers. Stop your punkass whining about tuition and learn some basic economic realities. If you can't come up with 4 grand for tuition plus some spare change for living expenses you don't deserve to be in university. In this province we give out student loans which you don't even have to pay back until after you start working full time at Wal-Mart, so shut your whining little traps.

Yeah, yeah, so you and the rest of the province wanted to "reinvest" in education at the Growth Summit but guess what? I don't have to fucking listen! I'm paying down the debt instead assholes, so get used to it. You voted for me, so I can do whatever the fuck I want. That's democracy, so don't be sore losers.

And don't tell me I don't care about the unfortunate, because I do. My poor friends down at Al-Pac weren't making nearly enough money these last few years, so I decided to write off the \$130 million they owe the government. I care assholes, just not about you.

And don't even think about protesting outside the legislature. In case you haven't noticed, I closed that down months ago, so I won't even be there. If you want your money going into education, try to kiss my ass some more, and just maybe, maybe I will think about giving you some next year. Hahahaha, fuckers.

Ralph 'The Man' Klein
Grade IX

Jizz

I really thing think that

students need to know about the experience I have had. At a short trip to the valley Zoo, I was lucky enough to taste the semen of a giraffe. Although it was somewhat salty, I found the texture and aftertaste to be somewhat like that of peanut butter. I ate a peanut butter sandwich one time. I am allergic to nuts, so it almost killed me. Luckily, the giraffe semen is non-nut based.

Geoff Licknipple
Ag For IX

Eat me, you ignorant students

As the CEO of Pepsi, I think it is about fucking time somebody explained the facts of life to you goddamn students.

First of all, you had better stop with those socialist bullshit anti-Pepsi editorials! You can have your little "independent" press, just remember who is paying the bills you ungrateful little fucks. We pay the SU, and the SU pays you, so you had better learn to keep your mouths shut!

Also, you had better start showing some pro-Pepsi spirit around here, maybe some more banners and a few rallies or something. Remember, plenty of other universities are begging us to be their masters (I mean sponsors) so if you don't play along, we're out of here! At the very least, students had better start eating at KFC, Taco Bell, Pizza Hut and other Pepsi-owned companies. It's the least you can do to give your thanks to us.

Oh yeah, I also want an honorary degree. George Bush and Jiang Zemin got them from Canadian universities, and, unlike them, I'm

not even a war criminal. Cough up assholes.

CEO of Pepsi

Rats are 7

I feel the need to expound on a few points in the arena of such hallowed campus institution. First of all, I'd like to express my admiration of this venerable rag that you publish every once in a while. I've been working on my undergrad degree for seventeen years, and since I'm due to graduate relatively soon (hoorah Class of 2209!!!), I feel obligated to say my piece while I'm still here.

There are way too many schizophrenic mice in the Biological Science building. Oh God it feels good to get that off my chest! Wheh!!! You would not believe how good it feels to get that off my chest! I am a free man again!!! Now they can't hurt me anymore. Too many secrets, too many lies.

The poor confused rodents have no idea how to negotiate with the government for adequate compensation following their unexpected consumption of VERSA delicacies. I want justice, and I want it now. My furry friends deserve to be able live in peace, without the constant horror of delusions of grandeur. They scurry about, fearful of telekinesis and CIA exposure. Their agony must end!

I thank you for your time, and I place my trust in the forces that be. Power to the animals.

Freakus Cockhead
Arts IX

Letters to the idiot should be dropped off at:

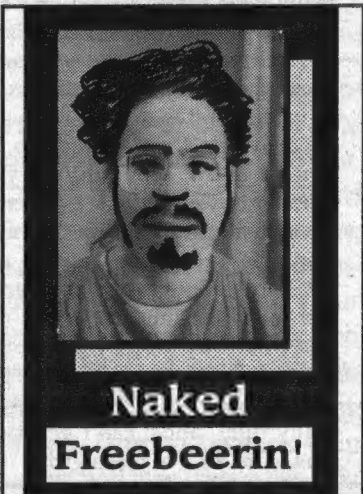
The Getaway
room 666 BioSci
or emailed to:
getaway@pybus.su.ualberta.ca



The way Ah see it ...



This world is a dungheap

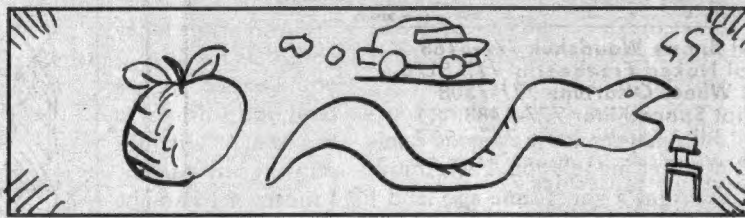


**Naked
Freebeerin'**

There are a number of things that are so stupid about this fucking place that I've just got to tell you all about them. OK, first thing: Geer Week. Science Week. Religious Awareness Weeks. Aren't we all excited about that shit? Not very bloody fucking likely. It's about time that this half-assed uni-

versity and all its students celebrated something at least as exciting as a donkey's ass, and preferably more. Do I have a better idea, all you pathetic whining minions ask? God Damn, I sure do. I want to see Crackhead Week, when all the campus crackheads show us what an OD looks like. It's pretty fuckin' cool, lemme tell you that.

I'm famished to see an exhibition by the campus S&M porno club, live on the SUB main stage. And you can just put away your fucking pens right now you stupid little letter writers, because you and I both know that you'd be the first perverted little fucks to line up to see it happen. The problem here is that you're all boring, repressed people. What's with this peace and modesty shit? Don't you people realize that sex and violence sell like crazy? You should be trying to get out to witness these things instead of trying to stop them. Some fucking tabloid TV show in the



States will pick up the tape for a few thousand dollars. We could all be fucking rich, you and me and your annoying little brother. All of us. Then who would need that fat-ass Klein to fund this place? We could fund it all by selling college porno on the Internet. It's so easy I could just get started right now.

Second stupid thing: all you yuppie students with your fucking perfect suits and horseass briefcases. I know that some of you are too conservative because you can't get your noses out of the establishment's ass. Do you seriously think that all those old people are so perfect? Those horny old businessmen spend all their time doing crack in

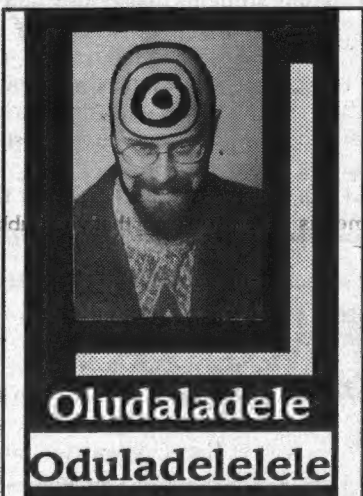
their offices and masturbating. From time to time they skip the second part and just fuck the living daylight out of their secretaries instead. Man, that's nothing to look forward to. You should want to be doing crack with your buddies at RATT and then taking home the hottest sexually charged girl/guy of your choice to have great sex with. It's most exciting if you don't know anything else about them. In any case, be cool and don't do it alone.

Final stupid thing for now: an item of international interest. Who the fuck cares what Saddam does or what Saddam says? If he wants to kill like a maniac, that's OK with

me. For fuck's sake, the asswipe is halfway around the world. Now, I'd like to see all you idiotic protesters to just go and have some good sex and forget about the whole damn thing. Haven't you learned anything at university? If something is bothering you, go get some more pleasure and let the government worry about everything. That's what they're there for. And if the sex isn't enough by itself, try your local crack dealer. He carries a wide variety of mmmmm mother fuckin' good buzz. What's the problem with that? If it feels Saddam good, just do it, cockheads.

If you all do your part to correct these things, I might tell you about some more next time. In the meantime, give the whole thing a little bit of thought instead of just grunting like a bunch of monkeys who don't have an original thought between the 30,000 of 'em. Fuckers.

Some Muthafuckin' Jazz



**Oludaladele
Oduladelelele**

Word up cats. We got some 'dat shit goin' down. Here's the haps: it's the last issue of the year and I'm feeling like flexin' some muscle. So here it goes. We'll call this article "Some Muthafuckin' Jazz", cause babies, that's what it is, and that's the truth, Ruth.

Now, you may be asking, "What up with that, you daft punk?" Well, sir/madam/garbage man reading this paper, I'm about to tell. It's like my main man Easy-E always said "brain damage on the mike don't manage nuthin'." Which has like, nothing to do with nothin', but it sure did get the man



paid. Big ups to Niggaz With Attitudes!

So like, the other day, I'm getting my shit together with this honey, right, and this wack bitch comes up and starts mackin' like she's all that and a bag of Frito Lays. So I up and tell her to step 'cuz we all know that "two dicks and no bitch don't mix." Which,

again, is an entirely irrelevant quote from a group I dig. Mad props to Brooklyn!

So, anyway, the sisters start to get their heads together and shoot the shit, so I'm startin' to feel a little like Randy "the macho man" Savage caught between miss Elizabeth and, uh, some other skank, right? And I'm thinking, like, this

shit ain't dope, and if I don't get bipedal in a hurry it's gonna be another Lorena and John Wayne story except this time with two Lorenas and only one John Wayne. So, fearing for my jock, I take off on the girlies and leave them to their whining and their hot pants.

Some time later, I'm slammin' this realdoll when it occurs to me that I've completely exhausted my personal lexicon of cool and hip expressions. My jargon, as it were, was bitched. Faced with this, I decided I was gonna be writing a short article today, and that's the double truth, uh, Ruth.



A Surprise Ending

"The End" is just the beginning when you exchange your used books for unexpected cash.

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&
Lower Level Bookstore SUB**

**Book Buyback.
It Pays to Be Part of It.**

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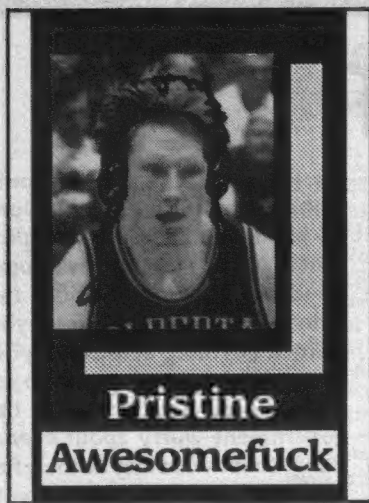
Lower Level Bookstore SUB

Mon-Fri, Dec 8-12 9:00 am to 4:30 pm
Saturday, Dec 13 10:00 am to 3:00 pm
Mon-Fri, Dec 15-19 9:00 am to 4:30 pm
Saturday, Dec 20 10:00 am to 3:00 pm

**Book Buyback.
It Pays to Be Part of It.**

We buy books that can be used here ...or on other campuses.

Why I am a great feminist



Most people are frightened by feminists, and really, with all their misconceptions, who can blame

them? But now I think it's time to set the facts straight: not all feminists are the butchy bra-less, chain-smoking, foul-mouthed wenches that people expect them to be. Take me for example: I wear skirts and heels, make-up and hairspray, and am not at all harsh, which is what you might expect of feminists.

Now you may be asking yourself what makes me a good feminist. Let me tell you, I asked myself that a short time ago, and I came up with some hard, solid evidence that tells me, yes, I am a feminist, and a damn good one. For example, *over half* of my music collection at home is just of whiny bitch music, and then another quarter of my collection has at least some woman in the group somewhere. Also, any pictures or post-

ers I have at home all have girls in them: sure they may be kissing guys, but the fact that there are women in them at all is proof enough for me.

And, while I may not go as bra-less as you'd expect from a feminist, I do go to the bars without wearing any panties. I mean, if I had the choice, I'd go without the bra instead, but my tits are just too big for that, and I've got to keep up my appearances for the boys, because if I don't, what man will ever want me, right? So that leads to the compromise of going

without the underwear, which the guys tell me is *extremely* sexy and feminine, anyway, so I'm fine in that regard.



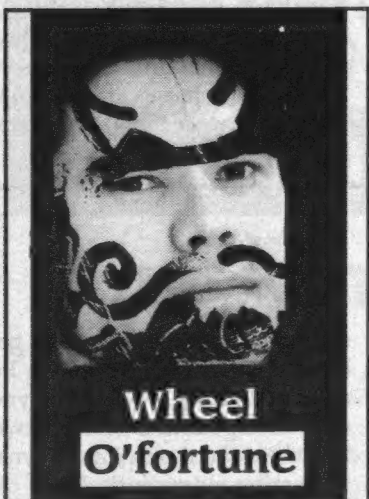
Oh, and another thing, I make a point of going for Girls Night Out (no guys allowed until after midnight) *at least* once a month. I'd try to do it more often, but I can't imagine being separated from the guys for that long.

And, yes, I've heard all about the patriarchy and what that means to feminists, and frankly, it bores me. Why on earth would these women, who I'm embarrassed to admit are my

equals on this level, spend all this time arguing about the Royal Family over in England? I mean, Princess Di was totally a babe, especially after her bulimia diet (which really does work: I tried and the guys loved it!). But since Di isn't around anymore, why worry about the patriarchy or monarchy or whatever it is.

Anyway, I just wanted to let you all know, especially all you yummy boys out there, that feminists aren't all scary. I'm cute and available and just waiting to tell you more about why I'm a feminist and what it means to me... oh, and when you drop by, you could also open this jar of pickles I've got sitting in my fridge. The lid is on really tight, and I can't get it off 'cuz, after all, I'm just a girl.

How to be the king of gonads



There're two different ways to be the king of gonads. Some people are born with royal nads. Others have to upgrade later in life.

Upgrade my gonads, you say? That sounds painful. Well, sure it is. But you have to accept pain if you want kingly balls. Even those born with scrotum-stretching testicles have to accept pain. This is the pain of underwear not fitting.

Of course, you don't have to worry about underwear fitting if you're a queen of gonads. We don't talk about being a queen of gonads, though, because you can't show them off. Upgrading is pretty



tricky, too. Unless you go for the whole conversion to being a king.

Being king of gonads does not give you any real power. Mostly, it's a title. A state of being, as well. And a guaranteed free ride as a porno star. The true power trip is being the emperor of gonads.

Emperor is a true power position. There's only one way to be emperor of gonads, though: you pretty much have to be born a her-

maphrodite. And then you can have sex with yourself, too. Sex with yourself is good. It's an even better way to guarantee a lucrative career in the big-nads world of porn.

Most of us will never be any form of gonad regality. No, the majority will live out their small-sacked lives as mere gonad serfs. Don't feel bad if you're only a serf. All this means is that you'll replace

underwear less frequently, and that you will never be a porno star.

Now, you ponder, is that so bad? Wouldn't I get AIDS and die if I was a porno star? No. Only gay people gets AIDS. Porno stars just get laid a lot. And that's a good thing.

Actually, now that I think about it, what the hell am I doing telling students that getting laid is good? That's like telling Prest-on Manhood how to talk stupid. Or Madonna that she has metal tits. Or Tammy-Faye Baker that she's got some nasty snatch. Or OJ that he's guilty. Or...

'98 Intersession Guide for Spring & Summer credit courses will be available early January.

Draft Timetable for 1998 Spring and Summer Credit Courses now posted at Special Sessions and at Students' Union Information Booths.

Spring Term: May 4 - June 12
Summer Term: July 6 - Aug 14

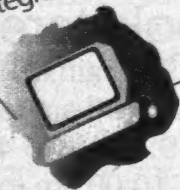
Telephone registration opens February 13, 1998



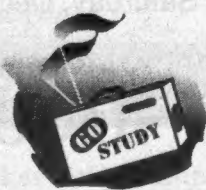
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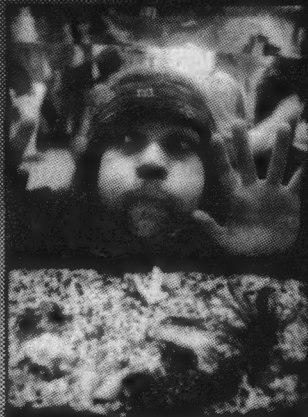
Check out our home page - <http://www.ualberta.ca/~specsess/>

EDITOR TRADING CARDS:

Here they are. The official upper ass trading cards for *The Getaway* staff of 1997—1998 year. Collect them, trade them, burn them — who cares. Either way, here they are. For your funny enjoyment. Actually, no. For our self-gratification. If you like it, who cares. Tell your mom. Actually, it's 6:00 am and I don't mean all those things. Good. Chickens eats worms and they wiggle like little apples. Which might not actually wiggle. Apples.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG STUPID"



SNOWS WOODCHUCK
Position: Supreme Oppressor Edit: 8.5
Shape: Round Prejudice: political hacks
Snows wrested supreme power from Pies Cackle last year and has not looked back. A promising dictator, Snows is hip.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"YOU'RE ALL FUCKING MORONS"



NAKED FREEBEERIN'
Position: Doggy Style Size: XXL
Caring: Nominal Prejudice: Humans
Naked likes doing little work for maximum pay. Don't tell his boss that. He also has a penchant for sexy chicks. Oh baby.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"ME LIKES EATIN' CHICKEN SOUP"



WHEEL O'FORTUNE
Position: Vestigial Felish: Poultry
Intelligence: Undetectable by modern science
Wheel O'fortune talks more than he thinks. He should stop that. Seven bonus points for looking like my dad. Meaning cool.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"I WISH I WAS YOUR DAD"



SPACE FILLER
Position: Worker Drone Balding: 15
Age: Lots (∞) Guitar Playing: too much
Space Filler is one of the brightest young stars in the argument for euthanasia. We love him like licorice..

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"THIS SONG SUCKS — GREAT!"



SMELLY BONG
Position: Yellin Cowboy Retarde' fan
Book Learning: Good Colour: Seven
Smelly has an abiding love of all things execrable. Musically talking. That means good. I like them horsies. Also soft apples.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

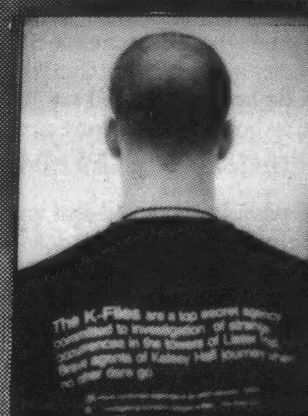
"WHAT DO SCORE MEAN?"



BRANDISH A. SHOTGUN
Position: Fetal Proof: 120
Story Writing: Negligible
Brandish likes sports. That's why she writes 'em. She has a deadline-resistant factor of + 18. This power transfers to all her volunteers.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"YOU GONNA EAT THAT?"



BOOTY JUMPER
Position: There Walking: Shuffly
Hair: hiding Sleeping: N/A
Booty is scary. His coworkers don't like working with him because of this. Owns no item of clothing that is not black. And cool.

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HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"I LOVE EVERYONE. HAPPY."



STAREAT YERASSCHICK
Position: Earth Mom Aperture Priority: f/1
Coolness: toasty cool (meaning good)
Stareat is instantly loved by all sentient lifeforms. Also drives a combine like a god. One of those combining gods.

HOT SHOTS **UPPER ASS**

"DUH"



HAIRY CHEST
Position: Slave Labour Bench Press: 120
Accidents: 6 Hipness: 1
Hairy joined a commune at the age of 2. That is irrelevant. She also drives a van. It's yellow like a lemon. Lemons is yellow..

Garrett can harm your baby

ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Idiot: Smelly Bong 492-7052

DAT DEM DER COWBOY RETARDS SHORE PLAY GOOD

LIVE MUSIC REVIEW

**Yelling Cowboy Retards
at the LRT place
Yesterday**

by Clarence Asskicker

When I done went to the thing place I did hear that the thing I see was good cuz me and Jed done want to see them apples in Safeway before I done go to school fer book lemin. Course my daddy did done used to beat me like the red hedded stepkid that I did be but I grew up lemin that this music is good music and I think that this music done be good.

When I get to the show Jed say, "This show don't gonna be too good," so my sister said that I was a pretty lil boy, so then we played them games called docter yucky. Lord knowed I needs a checkup way too often, accordin' to her. S'good docter game. Anyhow I says to Jed "S'is where the show done be goin'?" And he say to me "Show. You ... uh ... the show. We's be at it." Then I emptied grandma's till and we' ah went in. S'about the time where them musikers start ta yell'n. I say holey sweet merciful crap what's the noise we be do hearin'? And Jed say Yellin the Rertahded Cowboys. Then I see my cuz Lucille Sally Betty Belle, or somethin. What? Oh. Musik's good.

Them cowboys sounds like that time paw done gone out to the sheep sheds an done played them yucky docter games with da sheep for a good many time. I says to him "dad what be that game" and he say "now you bee am sheep, and good." Den I feels me pants go away but...oh. No. S'bad secret for me and pawsy wawsy now an not fer yus tu read city fokes are gud. Hey! that done hurt mys hed when you goes n' rub that typery thing on me. Bugger! So that show be good. Buy der Yellin' Cowboy Retards 8-track, or some shootin' will be at you.



Joke Hymen

Dat Dem Der Cowboy Retards ride dee escataler at dat dem dare LRT stashun. Da sheep went a runnin' when dee cowboys start a comin.'

DEMI REVIVES THE BIBLICAL CLASSIC

FILM REVIEW

Demi God
produced by World Demi-nation
Enterprises
directed by James Cameron
starring: Demi Moore, Will Smith,
Sylvester Stallone, Burt Reynolds

by F. U. Asshandler

Today's Hollywood usually shies away from the biblical epics of decades past. The assumption is that it would be impossible to out do past glories, such as *The Ten Commandments* (starring Charelton Heston). However, Hollywood's cream of the crop has risen to the

coholic war veteran and computer expert. Together, they access spy satellites in order to e-mail God.

As Jesus, Demi Moore answers their prayers and returns to earth with her wisecracking sidekick, the angel Gabriel (Burt Reynolds) to kick alien butt. The four of them discover that the only way to break the mind control of the shoes is if Jesus does a striptease while Styles raps. Together, this rag tag bunch travels across the country, converting churches into Planet Hollywoods where Christ gets naked, breaking the alien spell.

At the breath taking climax, Jesus turns the tables on the aliens, hypnotising them with her striptease while Styles performs a hip-hop version of "Amazing Grace." These holy commandos obliterate, using the latest

high tech weapons in a Tarrantino-style blood bath.

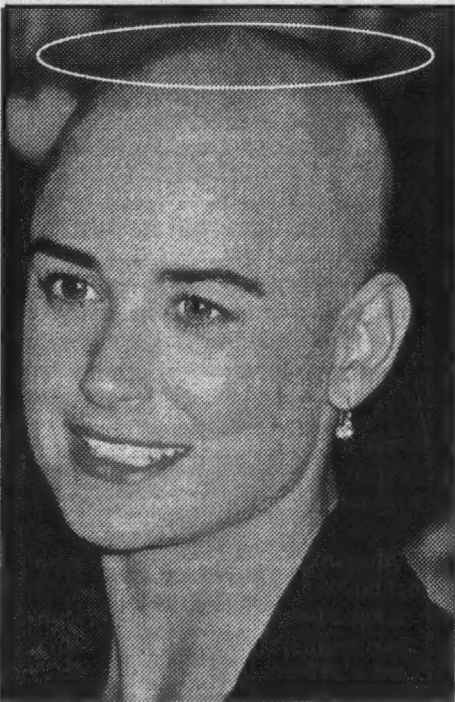
This film strikes the perfect balance between sexy non-stop action and a believable spiritual plot line. If Demi Moore doesn't win best actor, then there is surely no justice in the world. Her powerfully touching portrayal of Jesus crystallises her among the Hollywood elite. Her performance, best described as "benevolent nudity," is refreshingly uplifting and establishes a strong emotional link with the audience. There wasn't a dry eye in the theatre during the scene when Moore tears off her bikini bottom and screams "I am Jesus! Hear me roar!"

Stallone should also garner a supporting actor nomination for his sympathetic portrayal of the self destructive, handicapped Paunchy. In order to prepare for the role, he had his legs surgically removed, and went bar hopping in a wheelchair for several months.

Burt Reynolds provides the right amount of comic relief as the golden haired Gabriel. His lengthy debate with Will Smith's about which member of Charlie's Angels was the sexiest is pure comedy.

During a recent interview, a reporter asked Moore about the controversy surrounding her role as a female Christ in the most expensive film ever made (costs reportedly exceeded \$375 million). She responded by saying: "I feel a strong identification with the character and know it's my duty as feminist leader to provide a positive role model for women everywhere. There's nothing men can do that women can't do better — including saving the planet with nudity."

With such a strong performance by Moore in *Demi God*, we can all look forward to her next starring role as Buddha in a new movie with Brad Pitt about prostitution.



Demi Moore stars as Christ in *Demi God*

SPICE GIRLS SHOCKER

British stocks tumble

by Ginger-Haired Chap

Reports out of London this morning suggest that British pop sensation The Spice Girls are packing it in. Amidst confusion earlier yesterday at a press conference, Sporty Spice — betterknown as sdfklj sldkjsf — was heard muttering to herself about the inevitable end to the group.

"It's over. I've had enough" she said. Rumours flew around the press room about the sex scandal involving The Spice Girls and one-hit-wonders Kris Kross. The alleged incident, which took place last August in a Paris hotel, was uncovered by French journalist Maurice de Petaux while interviewing the band for a forthcoming television special.

"I vaz asking zem about zeir last gig in gay Paree when zey alluded to an inzident in a hotel ruum. I looked furdur into ze matter and discovered zat Kris Kross vaz staying in ze same hotel ze same nite." De Petaux claims that a giant orgy, involving both groups, occurred, to which he was invited. He declined to comment on whether he attended.

The end of The Spice Girls would be the end of the biggest pop group ever. An entire market would vanish overnight, and, according to some economists, Britain's economy would suffer a 10% drop.

"They [The Spice Girls] are a vital asset to the economic well-being of the United Kingdom, and an end to the group would have serious consequences on all of us," Britain's Minister of Finance said later this morning.

The Spice Girls are expected to distribute a press release in the next few days detailing their situation.

challenge, creating a beautiful masterpiece and a religious movie for modern audiences.

The film was first conceived by Demi Moore, who assembled an all-star cast led by herself. Never one to shy away from breaking barriers, Moore stars as Jesus Christ. The big JC returns to earth in the 1990s to prevent alien domination. Will Smith co-stars as paranormal investigator/rapper Fresh Styles, whose psychically linked crime boss brother (Dennis Rodman) gets killed by extraterrestrials posing as FBI agents. This leads him to uncover a conspiracy in which the U.S. government works with aliens to manufacture mind-controlling athletic shoes made of human flesh. Styles teams up with unlikely partner Paunchy Hardrive, played by Sylvester Stallone, as a burnt-out, wheelchair bound, al-

Death Penis performs live mastication

LIVE MUSIC REVIEW

Death Penis
at the Colosseum
December 2

by Marinated Lilac

The Death Penis concert at the Colosseum on Tuesday was a massive, howling, throbbing, noise pit o' fun. The mostly teenage audience, clad uniformly in black, headbanged to all the band's big hits, from 1992's *Suicide Nation* to their latest, *Shitting on Top of the World*.

The mega-rock group, now at the peak of its popularity, made a last stop at the end of its *Vertigo Pudding* tour, thanks to the begging and snivelling of city officials, notably mayor Smyth, who said the concert would "put Edmonton on the map."

Much to my disappointment, rumors that the band's stage act included defecating on stage and eating their own feces, disemboweling members of the audience, and ritually sacrificing a Hereford cow and then skinning it and wearing the skin as a cloak while screaming passages from an obscure episode of *Degrassi Junior High*, turned out not to be true. Tone-deaf lead singer Gomer Delacroix, who prefers to be known simply as Doorknob, did, however, perform live mastication on stage (Dentyne is looking to sponsor the group for their next tour).

The evening's highlight was Death Penis' definitive hit, "I am so Deep," which the band cranked out with unusual gusto. The audience sang in unison to Doorknob's lyrics: "Never ending spirals/ propane victims/God is dead/ I wish they would destroy everything else/ fuck fuck fuck fuck/ stop the pain."

As one happy, mutilated-Barbie-doll-clad, teenage fan put it, "I think Doorknob, like, really speaks to his audience through his lyrics. He's been totally misunderstood all his life. This music has like, put me in touch with my true self."

The only dissenting note in all the leather-and-chain festivities was the small group of religious protesters outside the Colosseum. "This kind of smut is the reason why all those single teenage mothers on welfare are cooking and eating their own children," said one irate woman. She admitted to not knowing the name of the band playing, but was very irate.

ALIENS: THE MUSICAL OPENS IN TWO WEEKS

by Smelly Bong

Megamusical king Andrew Lloyd Weber's new production *Aliens the Musical* opens in Edmonton on December 16 at the Myer Horowitz theatre.

The walls of fire in *Phantom of the Opera* impressed audiences across the country, but *Aliens: the Musical* promises more pyromanic fun and projectile goo. With each alien torching, a specially formulated goo concoction composed of dog feces, molasses, and Javex bleach splashes into the audience.

In the starring role of Ripley, the no bull shit, mother of all ass-kickers, is k.d. lang. And, playing Ripley's incessantly high-pitched, blonde, screaming ninny of a daughter is pop diva Mariah Carey. "No one has a talent for shattering the ear drums of more dogs than Ms. Carey," explained Andrew Lloyd Weber. "Unfortunately, her high pitched squeal has no adverse affects on the aliens, though. They've mutated into having no ears, you see."

Hit songs in the new musical include "Die, Alien Motherfucker, Die," "Alien Toast," and Carey's heartstring tugger "Gonna Squeal for my Butch Mommy Tonight."

HANSON CAUGHT RED-HANDED

Trio's cute boy image on the line after shocking drug bust

by Cracked Cortex

Crack, whores and "MMmBop?" Los Angeles Police confirmed the facts this week in a scandal that rocked the pop music industry and tarnished the image of one of America's cutest bands.

On December 2, all three juvenile members of the pop group Hanson were arrested and charged with narcotics possession and soliciting the services of a prostitute. Hanson, the pin-up band which parlayed the hit single "MMmBop" into the platinum selling al-

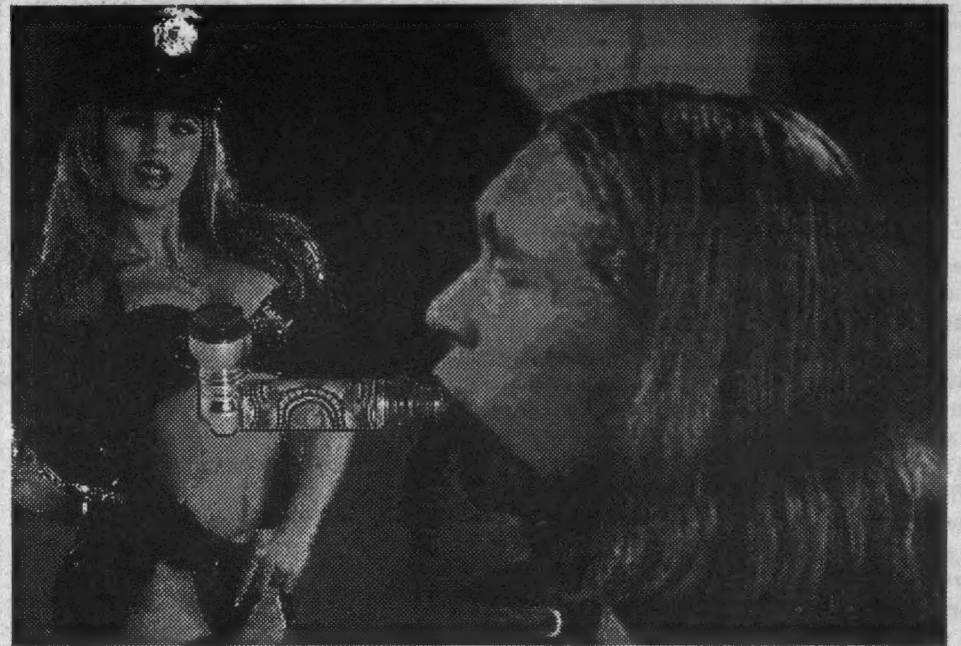
"When I first burst into the hotel suite, Zachary was rollerblading around naked and sucking on a huge crack pipe."

— Officer Jack Warren

bum *Middle of Nowhere*, were in Los Angeles rehearsing songs for a Disney Christmas television special when the disastrous event occurred.

Responding to a hotel noise complaint, officers burst into the hotel suite of twelve-year old lead singer Zachary Hanson where they discovered large quantities of crack cocaine and related drug paraphernalia. Also present in the room were Zack's two older brothers, Isaac and Taylor, and two well-known Los Angeles area prostitutes.

Officer Jack Warren was first on the scene. He described the melee to reporters. "When



Caught at the scene of the crime, Hanson faces charges for possession of illegal substances and soliciting the services of a prostitute.

I first burst into the hotel suite, Zachary was rollerblading around naked and sucking on a huge crack pipe. Isaac was being 'serviced' by one of the hookers on the couch and various sex toys were strewn about the room. As I cautiously entered the bedroom, Taylor seemed to be building something with Lego while watching the other hooker perform an erotic strip tease to Hanson's new hit single 'Where's the Love?'"

A spokesman for the band denied all allegations, but a Los Angeles judge will be sentencing the heartthrobs sometime next week. If convicted, the three superstars face a possible ten-year jail term or may, instead, spend two whole years locked in a room listening to nothing but their own shitty music.

For the next few days, the fingers of little girls across America will be crossed, hoping for an acquittal for these drug-riddled dreamboats.

STEPHEN QUEEN'S NEW HORROR NOVEL RULES WORLD

BOOK REVIEW

Flesh-Eating Acid-Blooded Mice from Vega

by Stephen Queen

\$800.00 (because I know my fans will buy it even if it's crap)

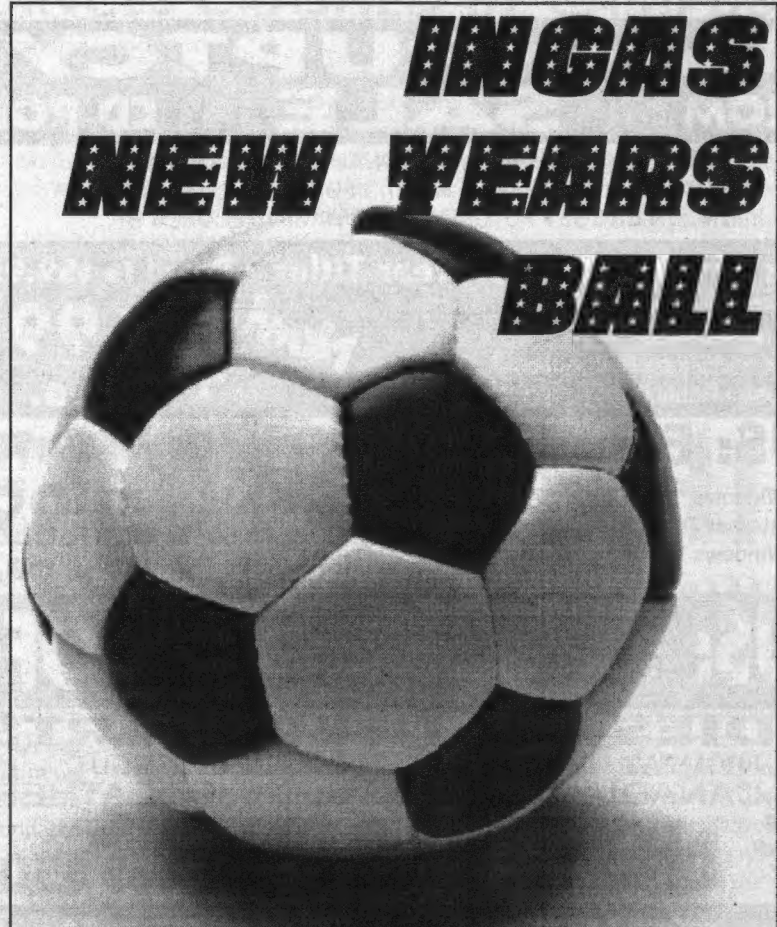
by Crispy "Book-Eating" Mazur

The world's master of graphic, pointless horror returns with his 98th novel, this time adding yet another installment (#7) to his never-ending epic *The Putrid Earth*. Fans are not to be disappointed this time. Many questions are answered and dark mysteries cleared as we find out that the Evil Overlord's favorite colour is green and that chicken soup makes him ill. Readers will be thrilled to read of vegetarian-eating monsters and blue screaming wraiths that bring chaos and permanent stains to the annual quilting bee of the innocent town of Last Hope on Earth.

We find that the lovable character Lil' Jenny finally falls to her death in the Pit of Slime (after hanging in there for the last 4 volumes) only to return 2 pages later to be placed in yet another position of peril involving a giant teddy bear and some bees. In gory,

gruesome detail delivered in true Queen style, evil uncle Fred battles throngs of flesh-eating mice for about 300 of the novel's 700 pages. Queen's writing is true literature in all its eloquence and subtlety. Never was a story more

finely crafted by a writer who can reach such depths of emotion with the words "aaarrgh!" and "WAAAAH!" or the ever classic "crunch-thud!" This novel is the ideal Christmas gift for friends and family.



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Switchback (14A) Violent Scenes, Not Suitable for Pre-Teenagers Sat/Sun 11:15 Daily 1:45, 4:35, 7:20, 9:40 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:20	The Game (14A) Sat/Sun 11:00 Daily 4:05, 9:40 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:25
The Peacemaker (14A) Violent Scenes Sat/Sun 11:25 Daily 1:55, 4:40, 7:20, 9:55 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:35	Rocket Man (G) Sat/Sun 11:45 Daily 2:00, 4:25, 7:00, 9:20 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 11:50
Men in Black (PG) Sat/Sun 11:30 Daily 2:20, 4:45, 7:10, 9:25 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:05	Playing God (14A) Gory Violence, Game Language, Not Suitable for Pre-Teenagers Sat/Sun 11:40 Daily 2:10, 4:20, 7:25, 9:30 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:00
Air Force One (PG) Violent Scenes, Not Suitable for Young Children Sat/Sun 11:10 Daily 1:40, 4:15, 6:55, 9:50 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:20	Conspiracy Theory (PG) Violent Scenes Daily 1:30, 6:45
The Game (14A) Sat/Sun 11:00 Daily 4:05, 9:40 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:25	George of the Jungle (PG) Sat/Sun 12:00 Daily 2:15, 5:05, 7:30, 9:45 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 11:50
My Best Friend's Wedding (PG) Sat/Sun 11:50 Daily 2:30, 4:50, 7:35, 10:00 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:15	A Life Less Ordinary (14A) Sat/Sun 11:20 Daily 2:25, 5:00, 7:40, 10:05 Midnight (Saturday ONLY) 12:20
	Hercules (G) Sat/Sun 12:05 Daily 2:30, 4:55

December 5 to December 11, 1997

DUO OF THE DECADE

Marilyn Manson and Yanni jam

LIVE MUSIC REVIEW

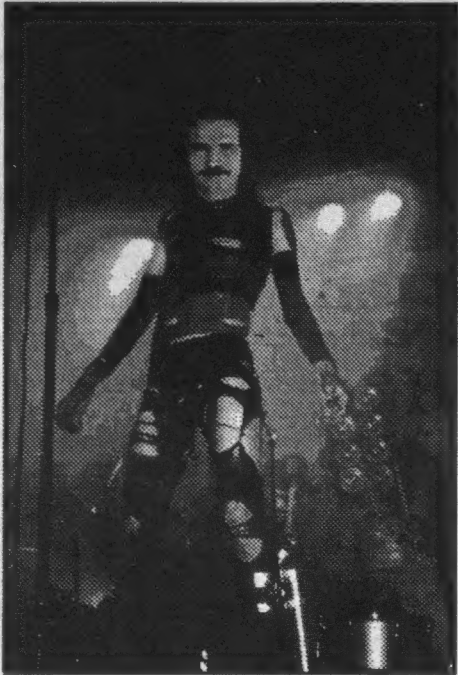
Marilyn Manson
with special guest Yanni
Last night
Winspear Centre

by Theold Butch Ass

Last night, literally dozens of fans were treated to what may become the greatest coupling of talents the music industry

has ever seen. After shooting up a couple hits of heroin and finishing my yoga, I made my way into the recently built Winspear Centre for a night chock full of elevator music and satanic ranting.

Finally, the lights went down, and the whole place was filled with screams from the assorted jocks and kids who somehow managed to sneak out of the house. I looked upward to the sight of Yanni swinging over our heads on a cable, dressed in full Goth gear. He landed right on top of the grand piano. At this point all hell broke loose, as Manson appeared at the side of the stage, soaked head to toe with the blood of a recently slaughtered lamb. Yanni broke right into a funky piano melody, and Manson kicked right into his usual tricks, screaming and leaping about the stage.



Stareat Yerasschick

Yanni explores his dark side. And oh yeah — he's coooool.

Yanni told me about the new act before the show, "Well, my career is basically in the toilet, and I wanted to get in with the younger audience. When I hooked up with Marilyn, something just clicked," he said.

Manson also had a few things to say. "Well, since the rest of the guys overdosed on that fertilizer we smoked, I needed a new band, and this Yanni guy is more of a freak than me." The new show is essentially the same as before, with Yanni pumping out tunes that make you want to shoot yourself in the head and Marilyn screaming like a monkey being torn in half.

Yanni seems to really like the change. "Yeah, good drugs, more money, and leather gets me horny as hell," he remarked. "Kids these days are stupider than ever, all you have to do is look like a freak, and spout off a bunch of insane, contradictory rhetoric that pisses their moms off, and they throw cash at you," he added.

At the end of the show, all the sweat soaked little kids screamed for an encore, but in the dressing room Manson didn't seem to care. "Fuck em, why should I care, those stupid little fuckers can go home to their mummies! As a matter of fact, fuck you too! How the hell did you get in here anyway!"

Marilyn Manson is so cool.

USHERS CRACK DOWN ON ILLEGAL FOOD IMPORTS

by Joel Hymen
& Smelly Bong

Undercover Getaway agent (I.M. Flacid) recently infiltrated the Generik Movie Theatre in a failed attempt to fight the man. Dejected and humiliated by the bank-breaking costs of movie theatre confections, Flacid fought valiantly to end this grave injustice. With a light snack on his person, he tried to break beyond the suppressive barriers of the theatre's henchmen ushers.

To the chagrin of those of us who have at some point tried to fight the establishment, Flacid was chased and apprehended by some of the Generik's most ruthless ushers — Holly Tits and Noman Icum. They beat him silly with bare fists and broom handles, sadistically relishing every moment of it.

Luckily, Flacid found enough will power and survival instinct to lift his ravaged corpse to his feet and escape in a lustful act of life-passion. With corn flakes a flyin', Flacid escaped by the hair of his balls, leaving a wake of snack stuffs.

Flacid's story is a harsh lesson to all those have, at some point, desired to pull a quick one over on the cinematic powers that be. The sad truth is — there is no escape. Food in the theatre is no laughing matter. You stuff that sundae under your arm and you're in contempt of the law. To scam a soda is to twist Mother Liberty's ripe nipple. Hear us, brothers and sisters! Watch your proverbial asses if you decide to screw the system. Those who accept the yoke of movie concession prices avoid premature deaths by vigilant ushers.



Flacid suffering the yoke of confectionary

Joke Hymen



Flacid makes a run for it.

Joke Hymen

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BARES BUSTED

ORGY OF SODOMY AND ILLICIT SUBSTANCES CRASHED BY CAMPUS 5-0

by Harrie Hander

Members of the Bares hockey team were busted by campus cops yesterday as they engaged in questionable activities in the locker room at the Claire Danes Arena.

Pale Asson, caught inserting needles into his better side, was cuffed and, after a brief struggle, lay constrained on the ground.

Not two feet away, Moron Fukiwpleez and Tremor

Herbun lay immobilized, recovering from doses of cocaine and heroin respectively, unable to ward off the boys in brown.

Campus security, on hearing of Asson's butt-naked constrained condition, began flooding into the room and escorted the Bares' goalie to the interrogation room, batons drawn.

Apparently it was a referee who brought the complaints to

security after "accidently" walking into the dressing room.

"For the record, we're guilty as sin. Off the record, the ref had his head stuck so far up his ass he thought it was his linesman's," explained Herbun.

"We are not homosexuals," countered the ref.

"We just like to play around a little in the dressing room. If you want to see guys slappin' each other on the ass, go to the Bares'

locker room."

"That's absolutely ridiculous," said Dyke Dickling. "We're not the kind of team where you have to worry about dropping the soap in the showers, if that's what you mean. I can't speak for the football team, and especially not the basketball team, but I can tell you we are facist free in here."

Some players are more emphatic.

"Any facist or hard-core

conservative who shows up in OUR locker room will get nothin' but my Easton [stick] in the head," said Cram Fannylik, swinging his stick in demonstration. Here, here.

The Bares' punishment was severe: the sentence served by Asson 'till the wee hours of the morning in the Campus Security interrogation room. The whole team was also put on suspension until early January.

SHOTGUN DICTATORSHIP

SPURTS PROVES ITSELF CAPABLE OF ANALLY PIRATING GETAWAY

by Dense Fertilizer

Finally, the horrible reality has come true.

The members of *Getauxxy Spuzz*, in a planned mutiny, have taken over the newspaper. Sources said the mutiny, lead by the spurts editor, Brandish A. Shotgun, was staged early Tuesday morning, when most of the other editors and writers had returned home. Calling themselves Spuzz For the New Millennium and

wearing gold sneakers, tie-dyed shirts, and purple streaks in their hair, the rebels stood on top of the desks of news editors and proclaimed themselves the new leaders.

"Finally, spuzz will get the recognition it deserves. It has been a long and worthwhile cause, something spuzz writers have been hoping to do for many years. If it wasn't for them, we wouldn't be standing here today," said Shotgun,

nearly in tears. SFTNM is made up of the spuzz editor, Harrie Hander, Lavish Mattresson and Dense Fertilizer. It is rumored that news writer Kissme Fucker has decided to leave the news department and join forces with SFTNM.

"I realize now that spuzz, not news, is where the real future lies. I finally have a say in the way this paper is run. It's an exciting time here," she said. Another news writer, Nads

Laysome, is also considering coming over to the dark side. "The daaaaaark side, hey, that sounds pretty cool," he said. There were, however, some problems with the uniform specifications. Hander, Mattresson and Fertilizer were said to be planning a revolt against their editor over the required purple streaks in their hair.

"I mean, like really, I don't mind the gold sneakers or those funky tie-dyed shirts but the purple hair has got

to go," Mattresson said. This is the first sign of disorganization found among the revolutionaries. Their goal from the beginning of the revolt still remains, however: "Today the *Getauxxy*, tomorrow the world!" said Harrie Handershotgun says she plans on forcing everyone in the world to wear the designated uniform. "Soon," she said proudly, "everyone will be dressed like us."

Around Athletics...

"We're going to give it 110%. Our backs are against the wall. These games are very important."

-Every coach, ever.

Like it matters. Nobody reads Spuzz anyway.

STALKERIFIC

by Graham John's Son

It is important to know a few basics before stalking your favourite athlete. Here are a few tried and true techniques:

Listen to the stalking classics: Knowing all the stats of your favorite athlete is not enough. You need to supplement the self-brainwashing process by listening to The Police's "Every Breath You

Take," and more importantly, Morrissey's "The More You Ignore Me (The Closer I Get)."

Refer to your loved one in the possessive: Refer to him or her by saying things like "He's my Chirs Murphy" or "He's my Sexy Spice." Giving your love nugget a nickname like "Sweetums" also helps.

Invest in the proper

equipment: Stalking is serious business. If you want to be cheap, go find another hobby. Purchase all the stalking essentials: night-vision goggles, cameras, log books, suction cups (for scaling up walls), grappling hook and rope (for rappelling down walls), a glass-cutter (for those thick-paned windows), tranquilizer gun, and hand-held tattoo kit. Wear your stalker's uniform of choice—black catsuits, berets, gloves, and climbing boots are all quite popular.

Remember PSP: Patience, Surveillance, and Persistence. Observe your athlete's every move for months. Know his schedule like the back of your hand, but be able to adapt to changes.

Remind him daily that you love him. Send daily letters plastered with heart-shaped stickers to let him know his true love (you!) is still out there.

Master the time hit: It is usually best to have only one intimate encounter with your sport honey.

A good time to do this is when he's travelling (he'll feel more vulnerable). Move quickly. Once

you know he is at the hotel, get into his room using the glass-cutter.

Once inside, hit any other people present with tranquilizer darts (get the biggest people first). Approach your true love seductively, holding a chloroform-soaked facecloth. Apply firmly as you lovingly lullaby him to sleep.

Once "Sweetums" is unconscious, kiss him, take pictures, and manipulate his mouth to say the words of adoration you know he'd say if awake.

Lastly, get out your handy-dandy tattoo kit and write "I Love (Your Name)" in a very visible place (the forehead works well).

Even though you know he'll miss you, get out before he wakes up. In the future, anyone who reads the tattoo will know that he's already taken. The tattoo being the ultimate symbol of love and devotion, his heart will belong to you for eternity because his forehead says so.

GETAWAY STATS

GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATIONS ALERTED TO OUR EXISTENCE:	4
FEMINISTS WHO WANT OUR HEADS ON A STICK:	685
OFFICIAL REPRIMANDS BY STUPIDS' UNION:	89
LAWSUITS LAUNCHED AGAINST US:	6
VEHICLES DESTROYED:	2
PROPERTY DAMAGE:	\$45,328
TYPOS:	1,843,472
BEERS IN RATT:	3,671
INTEROFFICE LIASONS:	69
PEOPLE OFFENDED:	956,834
CRAZIES DEALT WITH:	956,834
STAFFERS DIAGNOSED WITH ALCOHOLISM:	ALL OF THEM
BAR TAB PAID IN RATT:	\$0
CHAIRS, NON-FUNCTIONAL:	8
CHAIRS, FUNCTIONAL:	0
NUMBER OF TIMES SEVEN APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE:	777
STAFFERS WHO PLAY THE GUITAR:	12
STAFFERS WHO HATE THOSE THAT DO:	1
CONSECUTIVE HOURS LISTENING TO THE ODDS:	7.14 X 10 ²² HRS
STAFFERS WHO REALLY HATE THE ODDS:	3

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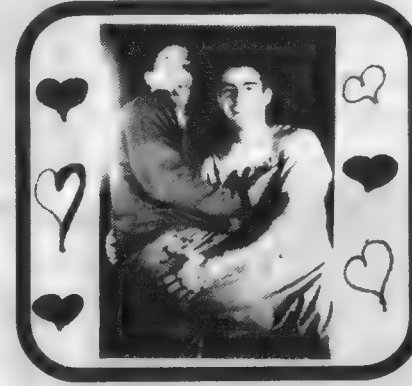
Tad



Joey



Randy



Rich and Monty
"2-4-1"

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SEXXY

BARES TEAMS LOOKING DAMN FINE

by Lavish Mattresson and Kissime Fucker

Forget Ladies' Night at the 'Bu, the Bares sports teams have all the action any female would require right here on campus.

And the sports team here at the Getaway is their biggest athletic supporter.

We love watching the wrestling team trying to contain their ample endowments in the spandex teddies they claim are "uniforms."

Lord knows these boys are built like the Vatican.

If we had the proper equipment we'd get a half Nelson just looking at them.

Speaking of uniforms, we'd like to recommend that the basketball team try the low maintenance alternative to bulky shorts, two pieces of string and a band-aid.

And in those scanty outfits,

there will be quite a lot of double dribbling, if you get our meaning. They can really fill their baskets!

The Bares hockey players, now there are some great pucks. We hope that the low temperature

"Help! Lassie, go get Father!"

—Timmy

doesn't have any adverse effects on performance.

And remember to keep your sticks on the ice, boys.

Volleyball players live to serve, and girls, you KNOW they've got bumps in all the right places.

And who in their right mind could resist one of their passes?

Check out the buns on that one! No we're not talking about a bakery, it's the Bares football team. They wear those pants!

But seriously folks, these young bucks are like the Butterdome: there may not be much upstairs, but it's one HELL of a structure.

Please boys, we cannot stress this enough, no ass-patting if we're not involved.

Last, but not least, our amazing rowers. We have but one thought running through our minds about them: Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

And the best thing about Bare's sports?

We might not always win, but baby, at the end of the night, everybody scores!

WHA'FUCK

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT BUTTERDOME

by Stoopid Boob

Get ready to melt, kiddies!

Everybody's flavour favorite, the Stupids' Union has gone to crock on it's latest money-binging scheme.

In keeping with the current norm of capitalist advertising gone way too far, the Stupids' Union decided to license the names of certain campus facilities.

The move was highly controversial, and poorly handled, as it was voted into being by a few cartoon characters over coffee at Java the Hut.

Topping the list of changes is the title of the Perversity Pavilion - or should I say the "I can't believe it's not Butterdome."

Moose had this to say: "Honey, I blew up my ass. Where'd you leave my colon?"

Flake Janedaughter said in a stunning move: "Heh! I like Werther's and sodomy," thus proving once again that you can't compare apples and oranges, or the CFL and the NFL but who's really reading this anyway.

Concessions in the new "I can't believe it's not Butterdome" will carry a full line of feces and cum, including: I can't believe it's not Buttermilk, I can't believe it's not Buttertart and I can't believe it's not Butterfinger.

My personal joy is the anal toy. Unfortunately, it has yet to be determined whether or not the

Stupids' Union has any authority to rename their own erogenous zones, let alone a major sporting facility.

Around campus, students were unusually chipper about the change.

Marks and Spencer had this to say.

"I hope this isn't because of money and the ethnic vote, 'cause we'd all go straight to hell for that. No passing Go either."

It remains uncertain whether I'll be getting any tonight, huh sweets?

Get naked, cause we won't have to settle for margarine anymore.

THERE'S A FINE LINE

THERE'S A FINE LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND CHEESE

by Dum Caccon

Surprisingly few people paid attention last week as the University instituted mandatory drug testing for many of its extra-curricular groups. The efficiency of the collection system was disarming for those familiar with the institution's previous attempts at testing its students.

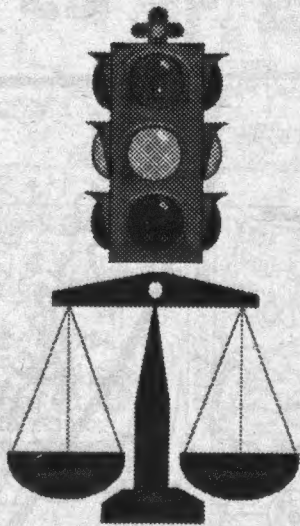
"We had a few let-downs along the way too. We thought that we had the SU nailed last year, but they got off for lack of evidence when we realized that it was only money that they were pissing..."

No club or activity was excluded from the grueling process, either, although several groups left rather ambiguous results, and are being pumped for retesting, like the Star Trek Club. Questions have arisen as to the validity of the testing process on

people chronically taking medication for allergies to simply everything, whether or not Klingon blood obscures the accuracy of the system, and if Captain Kirk really

was cooler than Captain Piccard. Also, someone surreptitiously replaced one of the tricorders with an etch-a-sketch.

Continued on page 8. Look.



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VIOLENCE

by Harrie Hander

Two Golden Bares hockey players were involved in a harrowing experience involving injury yesterday. Cousins Heroin and Colon Zarsksney went out early to practice, unaware of the zamboni driver lurking behind the glass.

"It was like a nightmare," said Colon. "One minute we're mœinding our own business, the next we've got a couple of tons of steel coming down at us." Colon suffered only minor injuries as he allegedly tried to crosscheck the vehicle from behind. Heroin wasn't so lucky.

Lying on the ice to avoid being pinned against the boards, the Golden Bare left wing awaited what he believed would be certain death.

"If I would've stayed standing,

I'd a been squished against the boards like nuts in a can," said Heroin. On being run over by a zambonie? "It was kinda like going through a carwash, but it hurt a little more."

"Not that he would know," cousin Colon added quickly.

Luckily, Colon was able to wrestle the driver off the machine, allowing Heroin to escape without being made into a permanent addition to the goal crease. Nonetheless, Aaron suffers recurring nightmares and occasionally coughs up ice.

"Anybody would've done the same for me, I think," ventured Colon. "I just hope it doesn't happen again."

And we all know just who are going to be keeping their eyes on that zamboni door over the next little while.

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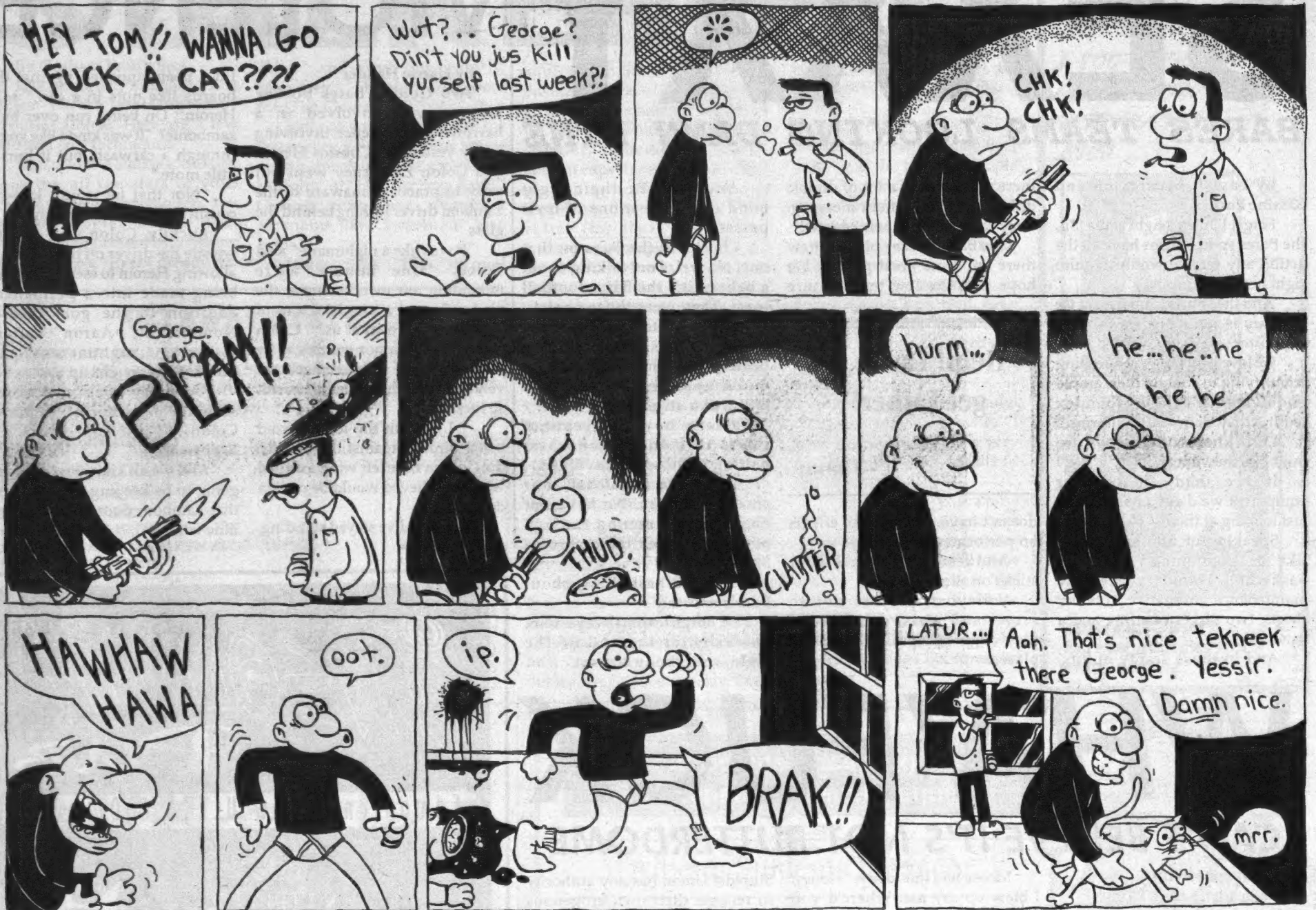
Submit resume and cover letter to Diane Tougas, Executive Assistant, 2900 SUB

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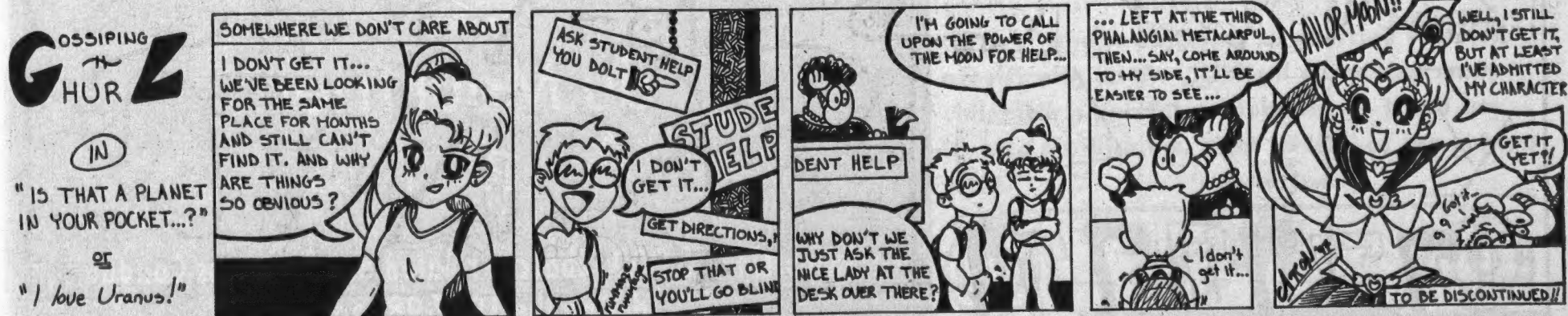
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Representative: Clark
Johnson 492-4241



Calgary Board of Education APPLICATIONS FOR INTERVIEWS

The Calgary Board of Education will be selectively interviewing at the University of Alberta during March 1998.

Those students majoring in the following areas will be given preference:

- French Immersion:**
Secondary and Elementary
- Computer Education:**
Secondary and Elementary
- Science:**
Physics and Chemistry
- Mathematics:** Secondary
- Music:**
Secondary and Elementary
- Special Education:**
Secondary and Elementary
- Vocational Education**

Those students completing their certification requirements by August 1998 are invited to make application for an interview.

Applications are available on campus at Career and Placement Services (4th Floor, Students' Union Building) in November 1997.

We are requesting that all BILINGUAL STUDENTS submitting reference letters and practicum documents have these documents translated into English.

Completed applications along with supporting documents must be returned to Career and Placement Services by Friday, January 30, 1998.

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SCIENCE

STUDENTS Nominations are invited for the 1997/98 Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching

Some previous winners:

- 1996/97 - Dr. J.I. Goldberg, Biological Sciences
- 1996/97 - Dr. J.W. Macki, Mathematical Sciences
- 1996/97 - Dr. K. Roy, Biological Sciences
- 1995/96 - Dr. E. Cossins, Biological Sciences
- 1994/95 - Dr. B. Schmuland, Mathematical Sciences
- 1993/94 - Dr. B.N. Allison, Mathematical Sciences

Nomination Procedures:

A letter of nomination signed by at least 10 undergraduate students plus any supporting material which is thought to be appropriate should be submitted for each nominee. The Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching Selection Committee will ensure that all nominations are fully documented before the winner(s) is/are chosen.

Eligibility

All nominees must be tenured, have held a Faculty appointment in the Faculty of Science and have undergraduate teaching experience at the University for at least five years prior to nomination. Previous winners of the award are excluded from further competition.

Information:

Contact the chair of the Faculty of Science Award for Excellent Teaching Selection Committee:
Dr. J.S. Nelson, Associate Dean
Faculty of Science
CW223 Biological Sciences Building
E-mail: Joseph.Nelson@ualberta.ca

DEADLINE FOR NOMINATIONS
6 FEBRUARY 1998

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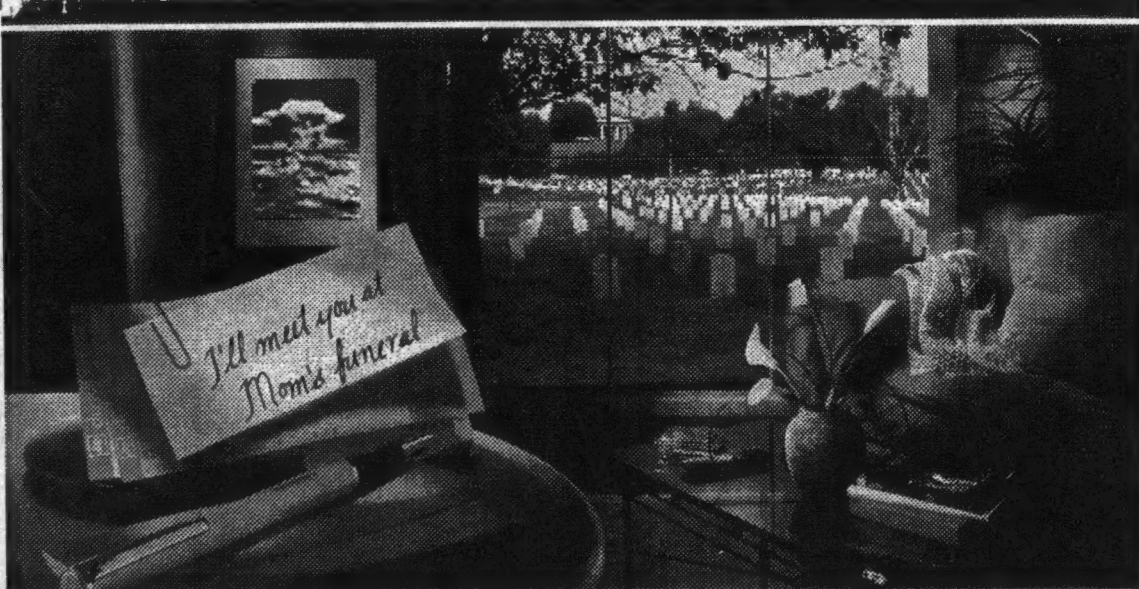
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